

## **Head Over Heels - Steve Harrington x Reader (smut) by Dingus\_Detector**

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**Summary:**

In a playful attempt to ruffle your feathers, Steve suggests that you're all talk when it comes to the filthy things you say to him, and set's you a challenge to prove him wrong.

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## **Author's Note:**

If there are any tags/TWs you feel I should add to this fic please let me know, I will try to update as soon as I see any request for an additional tag !

My deepest apologies for the god awful cheesey title  
hahahahaha

Soft light sparkles between the treetops as the sun begins to set to the west of the woods. Soft rays of sunlight pool on the dirt trail and warm your face each time you pass under them. You and Steve are walking, hand in hand, making your way slowly back to his house from town. He sweeps his hair out of his eyes and screws his face up, clearly deep in thought,

“Maybe I just didn’t get it...” He mutters.

You can’t help but laugh,

“Honestly, I really think you’re overthinking this. It’s meant to be funny.”

“So, it was... supposed to be bad?”

“Yeah, that’s the joke!”

Steve shook his head and pouted a little,

“I just don’t get it. Next week I get to pick, I want to go see Teen Wolf.”

“Is that so you can see your girlfriend?” You laugh and playfully bump into him, Steve blushes and lets his jaw drop open in an attempt to feign offence,

“What are you trying to say?”

“Nothing at all, it’s just I wondered if Lorie Griffin might have

something to do with how eager you are to go see it.”

“Absolutely not!” A smirk materializes on his lips, “And it certainly has nothing to do with the fact I heard she has a topless scene.”

You giggle and roll your eyes at him, turning your head back towards the track. The sun is sliding down behind the trees and the woods seem to almost glow in the twilight. In the distance you can make out the lights of the Harrington house. The air is warm and you can smell the sweet ashy scent of a bonfire floating on the breeze. The tranquil stillness of the forest is suddenly broken by Steve’s mocking voice beside you,

“Are you jealous?”

You laugh and, not giving him the satisfaction of turning to meet his gaze, reply,

“Not at all.”

This wasn’t the answer Steve had been looking for. He knew you were telling the truth, which frustrated him as he had been hoping to annoy you. He lets go of your hand and places his hand on the small of your back, pulling you close to him and staring into your eyes.

“Really?” He whispered. “Not even a little?”

“Not even a little.” You mimic Steve’s trademark cocky smirk.

Steve pouts, annoyed not to be getting his way, “Why not?”

“I don’t need to be. I can do things to you that Lorie Griffin couldn’t dream of.”

Steve raises his eyebrows and smiles slightly,

“I mean you talk a big game I guess,” he mocks, “up there with all your toys, but I mean what else are you bringing to the table?” You know he’s trying to get a rise out of you, but you can’t help yourself. You narrow your eyes and glare back at him,

“I could bring you to your knees with nothing but my mouth, and

you know it.”

Steve grins,

“Is that a promise?”

Pushing his back up against a tree you press hot kisses into Steve’s mouth, his hands trace gracefully up your back and over your shoulders, pulling you closer into his body. Bending your knee, you press your thigh into his crotch and rub up against him. Soft moans escape his throat in between kisses. Letting your hands glide down his chest you feel your fingertips reach the waistband of his jeans. You stop for a second, your hands lingering just above his crotch. Steve pulls away from you, a cocky smile on his face as he whispers,

“What’s the matter, can’t live up to your own hype?”

You smile back at him, unbuttoning his jeans and tugging them down just below his hips,

“Don’t be a brat, Harrington.”

You drop to your knees and pull Steve’s jeans down further so that you can plant warm kisses into his thighs. You make your way up slowly, letting each touch of your lips linger for just a fraction of a second longer than the last. Sliding your hands up the sides of his legs you catch the waistband of his boxers and pull them down. He’s already half-erect. You lean in close and place the tip of your tongue on the underside of his balls. You feel his legs tense slightly as you trace up and around his testicles to the base of his cock, feeling it swell against your cheek. Hearing Steve’s breathing grow heavier you slide up the full length and let your tongue flick delicately off the head. Carefully, you plant your knees and grab hold of his thigh with one hand, reaching up with the other to grab hold of his cock. Steve reaches out and catches you at the last second,

“Ah ah ah, mouth only, remember?”

You look up at him and grin, then grab hold of his hips and push him back firmly into the trunk of the tree. You let your teeth sink into a patch of skin just above his pelvis, making him gasp; you feel his back arching as you bite down.

Returning your attention to his cock you let your tongue make one more run up the shaft, then take the head into your mouth. Carefully letting your tongue run around the tip, you start to suck gently. Letting your fingertips press hard into Steve's hips you slide your head forward, so that your lips are about halfway down his shaft. Slowly, you start to bob your head up and down, tilting left and right and using your tongue to create firm pressure points as you run your mouth over his dick. Occasionally you let your eyes peek upwards and catch a glimpse of Steve, his head pushed back against the bark, mouth tilted open. Soft pants escape his lips, melting into groans as you pick up speed. As you move you feel Steve's hands running lightly through your hair. His touch is so delicate against your skin; he makes no effort to guide your movements or tug at your hair. He knows better. His hands make their way down to your shoulders and he grips you tightly, digging his nails into your back, as you slide your mouth down until your lips are nearly touching the base of his cock.

"Mmmph... fuck!"

You feel Steve's dick twitching against your tongue. Beneath the weight of your hands his hips press hard against you as his body tenses. You take a second and catch your breath, making sure not to overstep the limits of your gag reflex, and start moving your head in long motions from the base to the tip and back down again. With each movement you slide your tongue in the opposite direction, differentiating the pressure as you move. You let out a few small moans, letting your lips vibrate against his skin. Still holding onto

him tightly you can feel his legs beginning to shake. You speed up again, working your tongue muscles to suck harder. You are so focused on what you're doing you almost don't notice how deep you are managing to draw his cock into your mouth; his pubes tickling the end of your nose each time you make a downward stroke. Steve is clinging onto you tightly, letting out loud gasps of pleasure. You can feel his knees starting to buckle as his dick twitches in your mouth. You shift your weight and use all your strength to hold him up against the tree. His whole body tenses and quivers as you feel an eruption of hot liquid spill into the back of your throat. You hold perfectly still for a second, listening to the sound of Steve's heavy breathing cut through the still air. Lifting your head, you stand up and support his weight while he pulls up his jeans.

"Jesus." He mutters, out of breath.

You sit propped up against the tree, with Steve resting his head against your shoulder. The sun has disappeared now and you can see stars twinkling between the high branches. Steve tilts his head up and stares at you,

"You can stop that you know."

"Stop what?" You ask.

"That stupid smile." He says, his cheeks flushing slightly as he watches your mouth, "You were right, okay?"

"Don't act like you don't love it." You tease. Steve shakes his head and turns away, attempting to hide the fact he is beaming.

He stands up and helps you to your feet. Placing an arm around your shoulders he pulls you close to him as you set off down the dirt road once again. As you walk, he plants little kisses on your head. When you reach the house you each flop down onto a deck chair by the pool. With your hands loosely grasping each other you both lie quietly staring up at the stars. The air is so warm and still it feels as

though you are wrapped in a blanket. You can still smell the distant bonfire, and the stillness of the night makes you sleepy. Lying under the deep night sky like this with Steve beside you makes you feel so safe. After a little while, your hand drops away from his and you drift off into a heavy sleep.